THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

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Pacific Theo Sem
Reading Room

IF CHRIST SHOULD COME.

If Christ the Lord should come today,
As erst to Peter by the sea,
And low and tenderly should say,
"O, my disciple, lovest thou me?"
To thee and me,
What would our answer be?

It would not do for us to boast;
We have no merit; we are frail;
Our strength is weariness at most,
And oft when we are tried we fail.
"But we trust thee;"
This would our answer be.

And bliss and bane, and joy and grief
And all things work for good if we
Can answer, "Yea, Lord," swift and brief,
To that keen question, "Lovest thou me?"
For thee and me
This should the answer be.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

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God's Word is the test of Christian character. Would you know what kind of Christian you are? Then look at yourself in the light of the sacred Scriptures. Let them show you candidly what you are in reverence, in hope, in faith, in love, in zeal for the salvation of others, in enthusiasm for the growth and prosperity of your church, in peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. No one need be in ignorance as to what kind of a man he is in regard to all these matters. Not what a man knows, or has known, but what he is determines what kind of a Christian he is.

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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, May 14, 1903

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

When this number of The Pacific reaches its readers, our metropolis of this Western Coast, great and beautiful in reality—greater still in its hopes and possibilities for the future—will have said "Hail and Farewell" to the Chief Magistrate of our Nation. One more link will be added to the golden chain which binds all parts of our country together, which unites all races and classes of our people in a common brotherhood. Multitudes who a few months ago never thought that they would see the President, have rejoiced in the privilege that has been theirs. It is a fact full of hope and promise for the future that such a man fills the highest office in the gift of the people. The magnificent tribute of yesterday was not only offered to the Chief Executive of the Nation, but with it went admiration and love for the man. A man in touch with the people who can be the honored guest of distinguished men, and sit down at a table covered (if need be) with a cloth of gold; but who can also mingle as a brother with the cowboy and miner in their lonely camp, and eat with them from their iron kettle. His profound respect and admiration for the faithful honest workingman, for the rank and file in the army and navy, in the field and shop, must draw out a responsive confidence and affection from multitudes of the sons of toil. He will bear the test of quiet hours of thoughtfulness and of the fireside. The love of mother and the home, which exalted and endeared Garfield; that strength of purpose and trust in the people which distinguished Lincoln; that pure Christian character which was the glory of McKinley; these may all be found in our President; the man, Theodore Roosevelt.

That foreign missionary board which is translating "Picciola" into Chinese will give to that people one of the most touching and beautiful stories ever written. Therein was given the experience of the French prisoner Charney, who had written on his prison walls the words: "Chance is blind, and it alone is the father of creation." But one day as he was walking in the little yard back of his cell his eyes fell upon a tiny plant struggling up between the stones with which the yard was paved. He communed with it, studied it as it grew, and at length wrote after the lying words on the wall, the word "Perhaps." He called the plant "Picciola"—little one. Never did other plant have such loving, tender care as that one struggling for light and life between the stones of that prison yard. When finally it flowered the prisoner's soul had flowered also; he was ready to brush the lying words from the wall, and his prayer was: "All powerful God! invisible source whence proceed all harmony, all fertility, so much false learning has obscured my reason, so many sophistries have hardened my heart that thou canst not enter it so soon. I cannot hear thee yet, but I call thee; I cannot see thee, but I seek thee!" And Charney, seeking, found. So shall it be with every one that seeketh, of whatsoever nation or name under the sun. The promise is: He that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

The latest cure for certain diseases is the freezing cure. The patient is placed in a fur-lined metal chamber, and by means of liquid carbonic acid the temperature is reduced to 110 degrees below zero. The treatment, invented by M. Pictet, a Frenchman, is claimed to have cured many stubborn cases of lung, stomach and kidney troubles. We do not recommend the freezing cure to churches. We have seen something resembling it tried in certain churches, but the results were not successful. Diffident people, for example, are not helped by the freezing process. Give them the warm, glad hand.

A foreign missionary tells of an old woman who, when she heard the gospel for the first time, cried: "Oh, I have been waiting for some one to come and tell me this these many years." The most active worker on foreign fields is the Holy Spirit. He waits not for "open doors," ignores restrictive edicts, eludes Boxer ruffians, is subject to no missionary "Board," draws no salary and pays no passage money, is free as the air and merciful as the light, and wherever he goes he opens up a royal highway for the slower-footed missionary who follows him.

Many a hard-working, self-sacrificing laborer for Christ, doing with patient fidelity the duty that is nearest, needs something that his more prosperous Christian brethren can supply. One of the joys of being a Christian is to share with Christ and his poor the good things wherewith God has filled our hand. If we do it with tact, counting ourselves and not the recipient the debtor in the transaction, we shall add a new song to his repertoire while we take nothing from his proper dignity and self-respect.

Bayard Taylor began the study of Greek at fifty years of age. When W. D. Howells expressed surprise he replied: "Oh, but you know I expect to use it in the other world." There could be no intellectual dead-line for one who had so deep a conviction of the continuity of life from time through eternity.

The Bystander.

A Man From Boston.

Last Monday the Congregational ministers had the privilege of listening to Rev. Howard A. Bridgman of the Congregationalist.

Mr. Bridgman has a clean cut personality, a good voice and plenty of ideas. As he spoke on "Some Things Next to Do" one was impressed with the fact that the Boston Congregational headquarters have been purged of much of the traditionalism of the days of good Dr. Dexter and his contemporaries. Mr. Bridgman talked plainly about some doctrines we have left behind, as, for example, a limited atonement, verbal inspiration and endless punishment.

Ten years ago such a confession of faith would have made a sensational impression. But the world moves. Mr. Bridgman holds, as every reader of the Congregationalist knows, to the fundamental position of evangelical religion, and in his excellent address on Monday exalted Christ as the inevitable reality of faith.

It was good to meet such a winning and well-furnished man, who wields more power by virtue of his position than, possibly, any pastor in the country.

A Preacher's Story of His Work.

Dr. Rainsford, rector of St. George's church, New York City, is giving his history as a preacher in the Outlook. Every minister should read what he has to say: "I had one great advantage in coming to St. George's. I found positively an empty church. * * * I preached very badly the first six months, too; I don't know why; I did not feel as if I had any grip of things for quite a long time. But I think a slow growth is a great advantage. A great many men are broadly advertised before they come; people hear that a great preacher is coming; they crowd and rush at first, but soon melt away."

The Bystander believes that here is something worth reflecting upon. Many a man is defeated by the extravagant testimonials of his friends. People expect the clock in the pulpit to strike twelve, and like to hear the cuckoo in the bargain, when, much to their surprise, it strikes one. Don't announce your ministerial friends as Simpsons, or Talmages, or Parkers. When God made the average minister He didn't use the Spurgeon or Parker mould.

Dr. Rainsford goes on to say: "Since I came to New York, below Twentieth street, forty churches have moved uptown, and over 300,000 people have moved into that section of the city from which the forty churches have gone. That is the great mistake the Protestant churches have made; they are all alike—Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists—their whole idea of church relation is based on the family that can live in a twenty-foot house. As soon as that social unit moves away from them they are lost. The church ought to be able to fit herself to new conditions."

Dr. Rainsford believes that the churches can minister fairly well to the family, and consequently follow the family, but are not successful in adapting their machinery to dense communities where the family life is broken up.

This is the problem of the American churches in all our large cities. It is worth thinking about. St. George's is one of the greatest churches in the world. When Dr. Rainsford took hold of it he made his own conditions, and these conditions may explain the success of the venture. Said Dr. Rainsford: "I will undertake the work on three conditions." "Name your conditions," said Mr. Morgan, and he did. "First, you must make the church absolutely free—buy out all those who will not surrender their pews; next, abolish all committees in the church except the vestry; and third, I must have $10,000 for three years, apart from my salary, to spend as I see fit; my salary I leave with you." "Done," said Mr. Morgan.

Some Tendencies.

It is profitable to watch the direction of things. For example, the papers have been reporting immense numbers of immigrants recently arrived in this country. "Enough immigrants to people Colorado, Florida, New Hampshire, Oregon, Rhode Island, Washington, or any one of half dozen smaller States, have entered this country since July 1 of last year (500,000), and enough came in on April 10 (10,300) to found a small city of their own."

These are really wonderful figures. The demand for labor in this country has set the current this way.

The American is gradually letting go of manual labor. These immigrants are not to be looked upon as a menace to our country. Much of the prosperity of the Northwest is due to them .

To the pessimist, the Bystander would give this bit of good cheer. Rev. Dr. Erskine N. White, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Church Erection, is responsible for the statement that in the United States, every day in the year, fifteen church buildings are built and dedicated. The Methodists build three, Baptists two, Lutherans one, Roman Catholics one and a half, Presbyterians one, Episcopal one, Congregationalists three-quarters and miscellaneous sects one and one-half. As the average cost per church building is $7,000, the average daily expenditure is from $85,000 to $105,000.

The Sunday Paper in Honolulu.

The cable has opened up new problems in Honolulu. One of these is the Sunday newspaper. People down there are as eager to know what is going on in the world as other curious folk, but they have difficulty in adjusting their Sunday conscience with their daily curiosity.

A writer in The Friend argues against the Sunday paper on peculiar grounds. He holds that the Sunday paper makes the brain throb, and increases anxiety. He believes this is damaging. "The weekly magazine or paper is not so; be it religious, semi-religious (as many are) or even secular." The Bystander does not believe these are tenable premises. Arguments for or against the Sunday papers must not be based upon their power to put you to sleep or make your brain throb. Neither is it a sound policy to reserve the Sunday paper for Monday reading. That may save the agitated brain, but it doesn't lessen the number of copies printed.

The fact is the Sunday paper as a problem is a question of casuistry to be settled by the individual conscience. Some good people do not read the Sunday paper. Some equally good people do read the Sunday paper. And many orthodox and consistent people turn to the church notices on Sunday morning to see what the preachers are to talk about. Only one church in San Francisco refuses to announce the Sunday meetings in the Sunday papers. It follows that but one pastor in San Francisco can consistently preach against reading the Sunday morning dailies.

It is hardly necessary to add that Honolulu supports a paper with a Sunday edition.

Pacific Theological Seminary.

The Bystander has carefully examined the catalogue for the current year, and is impressed, as every student must be, with the almost lavish feast spread. Certainly no theological seminary in the country furnishes better theological viands by better cooks than this institution. Among the prescribed studies of the Junior year Old and New Testament courses and apologetics hold the first place, says the catalogue. In the middle year systematic theology and homiletics receive principal attention, and during the Senior year practical theology and history.

What an opportunity for young men to receive the best training under the best teachers!

Professor Bade's department of Old Testament languages and literature is particularly inviting.

Professor Laughlin promises to lead the student through Acts, the life of Christ, critical problems of the New Testament, and some of the Pauline letters.

Professor Buchlian's course is not fully outlined as yet, but promises to be quite up to the standard.

The missionary preparation department is inviting We wish the professors might visit our churches with this information and give the people the benefit of their courses on missions.

Professor McLean and Professor Nash will give instruction in practical theology and homiletics, while Dr. Moore, among other things, will take up methods of modern charities and corrections.

Young men of the West, here is an opportunity.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION AND PROFESSOR STARBUCK.

To the Editor of the Pacific:

It is always an unfortunate circumstance when personalities are confused with questions of scholarly interest and discussion and for this reason I must at the outset disclaim any other than a purely academic interest in Professor Starbuck since I have not the honor of his acquaintance, and have never seen him but once, namely, at the recent Religious Education Convention at Chicago. I may say in passing that I think it within the region of probability that Professor Starbuck has had few readers as careful and sympathetic as the present writer, or any who have tried to extract what was true and desirable from his writings as faithfully as he. I cannot at the present moment think of a single reason why I should have any other than the kindest feelings toward him and his work.

With the letter which calls forth this article I can of course have nothing to do. It lacks so obviously the spirit in which gentlemen discuss their differences of view that it need not specially be taken into the account. The issue it raises, however, is of some importance to the ministers and laymen on the Pacific Coast, and is worth an added word from me for what it may be worth to them.

Let me suggest at the outset that the opinion which I expressed concerning Professor Starbuck's address was not simply my own, but is shared by some of his most ardent admirers, who felt that he did himself great injustice and literally failed to comprehend the motive which moved most of those who were present. I think probably I was as much disappointed in him as his best friends could have been in this respect. Indeed, my brief comment, possibly a trifle curt, was not ungenerous, I think, and I shall show that in a single paragraph.

Take for example a single paragraph in Professor Starbuck's address. In that paragraph he condemned the idea that the Bible school is to be a "feeder to the church," and held that the Bible school had nothing whatever to do with the church, but was simply an instrument for the teaching of religion. Now of course Professor Starbuck is entitled to his opinion on this point, but I think nine-tenths of the ministers present at that Convention were there not merely with the academic aim of learning how to teach religion, but the larger spiritual hope of rearing Christian people. Dr. Starbuck as completely, apparently, divorced these two things as it is possible to imagine. I likewise think that it is safe to say that the great inspiring motive to biblical teaching and training everywhere, is that the church shall be strengthened in membership and spiritual power. That, without the motive of building up the Christian church, the Bible school, as such, would disappear. I think I am not mistaken when I say that every working minister of the gospel of any creed will at once express a view totally opposite to that of Professor Starbuck.

This single instance is fairly typical of the general attitude of the address. I believe, with his friends, that the address did not do him justice, and that possibly it misrepresented him, but that he was distinctly at variance with the governing power of most of the people present was too obvious to admit of denial. His friends may be sure that the editor of the Congregationalist, who was present and heard the address, and who is a careful and conscientious person, would never have permitted that paragraph of my article to be printed had it not been too evidently true to bear successful confutation.

May I now say a word on the main question? Few of those who are engaged in purely academic work seem to realize that there is an extensive vocabulary of intellectual cant as well as one of religious cant. The letter which called forth this article is a fair sample of it. No inquisitor of the most mediaeval type ever as loftily assumed the attitude of certitude as do these people who airily evade the region where every man's experience is as good as any other man's and undertake to interpret to us just what we feel. It is this which makes a good deal of what is called the new psychology as fantastic and grotesque as Zionism or Eddyism pure and simple. As a matter of fact they have employed what Professor Trowbridge of Harvard aptly calls, "the postal card method of collecting information—a method which permits the romancing correspondent full scope, and results in the collection of a large amount of fallacious statistics. What weight should be given to the answers of untrained observers, whose antecedents, early education and environment are unknown to the collector of such statistics?" This statement from one of the foremost physicists in America represents precisely my own scientific judgment of most of the material upon which many of the new psychologists base their generalizations. More than one minister will be led, unless he is careful, to fool away time and strength in the endeavor to follow these gentlemen in their labyrinthine wanderings, all the while neglecting the weighty and urgent business of cultivating the spiritual life, which I think I must admit most of these gentlemen are inclined to call "gush." Verily they have their reward!

My judgment is, however, that if Dr. Starbuck has a grievance it is against President King and Professor Dewey, both of whom by implication made such judg-

ments upon the methods and the primary conclusions represented by Professor Starbuck that they, as much as any, contributed to his complete eclipse in the convention.

Permit me in closing to state that only the necessities of the case led me to speak of Professor Starbuck at all. What you say concerning him is doubtless true and I must again commiserate him upon his unfortunate champion. The days when any man can be martyred for his opinions or when any scientific man, who has the germ of the real scientific spirit in him, feels it needful to inject his own personality in any discussion, are about over. Professor Starbuck could not possibly have known that any such letter about him was to be written; so much is plain. And let me say for Dr. Starbuck that the knowledge of whatever admirable work he has done it not limited to the ridiculously small area of "well informed persons on the Pacific Coast,' but wherever scholarly work or trained intelligence are able to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." All of which again proves that the antagonism of some minds is a greater compliment than the admiration of others. Professor Starbuck will have no readier or warmer appreciation from any one than from the undersigned and when it is given it will be given in the impersonal way in which genuine scholarship rejoices, rather than in the parochial sing-song of "well-informed persons on the Pacific Coast."

Sincerely yours,

A. A. Berle.

Chicago, Ill.

THE JEW OF TODAY.

G. H. L.

The religious condition of the Jewish people today is one to challenge the deepest interest and attention of the Christian church.

At the time of our Lord they were held fast, hand and foot, in the traditions of the elders. And for many generations after that, even down to modern times, or within two centuries, they have been in the same bondage.

But especially during the last fifty years, something that looks like a revolutionary change has gradually come over these people, until it looks like the suggestion not only of their losing all their ancient faith, but even perhaps their national peculiarities and exclusiveness among the nations.

Some of these people are going into extreme liberal views, leaving their ancient hope of the Messiah. Some of them are hoping to create a new national feeling in the Zionist movement; trying to settle God's covenant people again upon their former heritage in Palestine. And many of them have been turning to Jesus as the best fulfillment of their national Messianic hope that ever can be expected.

In the "Glory of Israel," the organ of the new Union Mission to Israel, the figures are presented of 204,000 Jews who were baptized into Jesus Christ during the nineteenth century. The writer shows that since there are but about twelve million Jews in the world today, the number of them converted during the late century is a wonderfully large fraction, considering the comparatively small labor which has been expended upon this people in any systematic way by the church.

Among those thus brought to Christ, some names are very familiar to us, as that of Neander, the "incomparable church historian"; and Edersheim, "author of the best history of Jesus, the Messiah"; Herschell, Lord Chancellor of England," and many others; and the same writer says, "Eight hundred Hebrew Christians preach the gospel today in the pulpits of the world."

The following statement comes from one of the prominent Jewish magazines, the London Jewish Chronicle of January 22, 1897: "Let us face the truth which must dawn upon all sooner or later. The age for the Jewish religion is past; I mean the especially Jewish part of the religion, which is slowly dying. One has but to attend a service of its worshippers in any of our synagogues to see that the vital spark is flickering its last."

This lament is said to be common among Jewish writers.

Such items I understand to be but a partial description of the unparalleled accessibility of the Jew in these days. It really seems as if Providence were opening a door of special opportunity at last for the church to bring the Gospel to the Jew.

We need not suppose that these people are already sufficiently informed upon this matter.

One writer in this journal says: "The five and a quarter millions of Russian Jews, from whom the gospel has been withheld by statutory enactment, are as a whole, in utter ignorance of the story of the cross. * * * Nearly two millions reside in Austria-Hungary, where their chance to know of Jesus the Messiah is but little better; * * * a large proportion of the Jews remain in dense darkness concerning the gospel and must so remain, unless we do more to enlighten them. It is doubtful if half of the twelve million Jews known to exist today have heard enough of the gospel to accept or reject it intelligently; while several millions of them do not even know that a Jew of Nazareth claimed to be their Messiah."

With such facts before us in all their evident significance, and in view of the fact that but little systematic effort has been put forth by the church in this important field, can we not all watch with interest and prayers for the further development of effort in the church for the conversion of the Jew.

A MOONLIGHT LOCOMOTIVE RIDE.

G. E. A.

Through the courtesy of Mr. —— of the —— railroad, I enjoyed recently one of the greatest treats of my life. We were walking down Riverside avenue, Spokane, when he suggested that I accompany him that evening on his trip of inspection. I gladly consented, and a few hours later we met at the depot. We were to ride in the cab as he wished to watch the working of a new injector. There stood our steed, already harnessed to the train. It was late in the afternon, the sun being but a few degrees above the western horizon. The long, level rays entered the cab windows and showed everything to be in readiness. The conductor called out, "All aboard," and we hastily mounted to the left side of the engine, the engineer's grasp of the throttle tightens, and slowly and stately our seed starts. We slowly pass through this city, "The Queen of the Inland Empire," and the roar of her mighty falls is drowned by the increasing rush and roar of our iron steed as it plunges on, striving to devour the gleaming ribbons which ever flee into the distance.

We have now left Spokane, and the engineer has gradually "cut her back," till the lever is near the center. We see his grimy hand with its swelling muscles as he grasps the throttle. The fireman is feeding the

hungry monster with great shovels of coal, and the "old girl" is rushing along, rolling from side to side, throbbing with the pulsating, vigorous, life, and thrilling us with a sense of the power there shown. Outside is the ever-varying interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine. The beautiful luster of the setting sun lights the sky as the radiance of the day slowly dissolves into evening's glories. The great watch stars open their eyes, the bright constellations gleam out, the deep blue of the sky is as yet unbroken by clouds, all is wrapped in twilight and hushed in silence, save for the rush and roar of our train.

The magical breeze puffs a clear space in the clouds which have enveloped us all day. At the first wave of the Prospero wand how all is changed! No more dull and heavy shades. Above and around is the quiet, peaceful night. We are now passing through the rich, warm golden grain fields, sleeping quietly between the broad backs of the hills. Thousands of acres with their rich golden harvests are on either side, here and there are the farmhouses with their little patch of orchard and garden, the gleam of light from the windows telling of the cheer and comfort within. Now we stop at an isolated water-tank, and while our thirsty steed is drinking, my friend slips out to "pick tomatoes;" soon he returns loaded with his fruit, some magnificent watermelons! Again we are off, and how musical is the wind as it comes whistling in at the cab windows. We are in an enchanted hall where all is sublime and massive! Now the pillars are of enduring granite, now as we sweep around a curve they are concealed in mist.

Another wave of the wand and the scene changes. The uprolling and gathering clouds scurry across the face of the moon. A magician is surely working in the night, building in the weird silence and flickering light a great palace, glorious with its pinnacles and it far-flashing lights, its walls of harmony, its imperial arches, and its festal rooms peopled with undying occupants.

We have long been approaching the mountains; now we are in their midst as they stand pinnacled in the heavens, changeless and dateless. There they stand clad in their beautiful garments of dense timber. The varying shades shown by the pine, fir, hemlock, spruce and cedar, are all blended into one dark rich green as we whirl by. Off at a distance stand a few scattered peaks like solitary sentinels. Reaching far above the border lines of vegetation and life, they pierce the clouds, lifting up to heaven "their bald vergerless peaks, storm-beaten, ice-furrowed, lightning splintered." Suddenly as we whirl around a sharp curve we see their vast, deep-canyoned depths close at hand. Instinctively we tighten our grasp on the cab window, and anxiously glance at our engineer. But no! he has not changed, but with hand on the throttle and body half out the window he is gazing along the track ahead. We have been steadily climbing since changing engines, and now we can trace in the silvery moonlight and through the flickering shadows of the trees the winding course of the mountain stream far below. Some time in the future poets will apostrophize these mountains, and fill from their fountains the urns of inspiration; geologists will describe and painters depict them.

In the kinetoscope of our imaginations we can see the countless bands of red warriors who have traversed these passes for hundreds of years. They appear for a moment in all their savage picturesqueness, then at another wave of the wand their revels cease and we alone remain. Again we stop to let our faithful steed take a cool, refreshing drink, and "brakie" goes on a "jerquing" cruise, and finds several contraband articles stowed away. Instead of pulling them out and throwing them overboard he took a heavy piece of brush and fastened it on to the rear pony trucks of the tender. At our next stop those men were a sight to behold! Mirth provoking yet pitiful. The brush dragging along the roadbed had raised clouds of thick, choking dust, and the men were completely coated with it inside and out. At first they could not speak, but when they did! We had best drop a heavy curtain over their remarks. Suffice it to say no love was expressed for the resourceful brakeman.

Once more we are off and plunging down the heavy mountain grade, part of the way being nearly a four per cent grade. This is the fireman's side of the hill now, as we are running entirely by gravity. To whiz down and away on a toboggan is exhilarating, but to coast down a four per cent. mountain grade on a mammoth engine, with its dragon eye lighting the darkness ahead, this is fifty toboggans rolled into one! A cloud has for a long time darkened the moon, but now it is pierced by one narow yet radiant gleam. Once more we are on the plains. We see the coy stars, eloquent with their soft glances, peeping out at us from behind the silver tinted clouds; the moon's magical light changing the old familiar landscape till beauty is everywhere; the rolling and scurrying clouds with their varying forms and colors, painting pictures no artist could rival; the almost liquid silver from the moonbeams infusing new and wonderful beauty into every form; all these combined to reveal a scene inspiring in its picturesqueness and soothing in its effect.

Where now are the dull clouds that had surrounded us? Prospero's wand has dispelled them all, a fact unnoticed until the great magician's touch had soothed us into a quiet enjoyment of the scene. The friction and grind of the day's wheels had insensibly ceased their rasping. The clouds broke away, and God's pure light was quietly shining over all the dust, dirt and distraction of the day, and all was at rest.

The engine gave one long, lingering shriek, and we were at the end of our trip. My few hours of enchantment were at an end. Once more the busy, bustling world stood ready to engulf me.

But the lessons and experiences of the memorable ride will ever remain with me, since by them Melancholy's dark and somber form was forced back into the gloom from whence it came.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific

The June meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held Wednesday, June 3d, at Pilgrim Church, East Oakland, corner of Eighth avenue and East Fifteenth street. Sessions at 11 and 1:15; lunch served as usual.

Reserve the day, and come to gain fresh inspiration for the vacation season, that you may carry with you, wherever you go, an enthusiasm for missions that will win others to a lively, self-sacrificing interest in the growth of the kingdom. We will try to supply conditions favorable to this result in interesting speakers, good music, enthusiastic conference together, and great news in regard to the enlargement of our work. We ask of you—each of you—only to come, and to come in prayerful, receptive mood. This invitation is to all ladies, whether members of missionary societies or not.

Mrs. A. P. Peck.

PACIFIC COAST CONGREGATIONAL CONGRESS.

The Congress was called to order in Plymouth Church, Seattle, on Friday morning, May the 8th, by the Rev. Dr. J. K. McLean of Pacific Theological Seminary. A Scripture lesson was read by the Rev. D Staver of Forest Grove, Oregon, and the opening prayer offered by the Rev. E. S. Williams of Saratoga, California. A Nominating Committee was named as follows: Revs. W. W. Scudder, C. F. Clapp, Judge Haven and Revs. R. Wright and E. E. P. Abbott. Awaiting the report of the Nominating Cominittee further devotional exercises were conducted. The Committee then named as Moderators Revs. W. H. Day, W. C. Kantner, E. T. Ford, R. B. Wright and C. S. Nash. Mr. George H. Himes and Rev. E. W. Stoddard were chosen Secretaries, and Revs. E. J. Singer and S. Green Assistant Secretaries.

Rev. W. H. Day taking the chair, the address of welcome was given by the Rev. Dr. Temple of Seattle, who greeted the delegates with well chosen words, and wished for all that inspiration throughout the meeting which would enable them to go forth to practice more than ever before the presence of God.

The Rev. Dr. McLean responded to the words of welcome, saying that the time for such a meeting was an auspicious one; that it was an era of great forward movements in the denominations, and that we needed to develop that coast consciousness which would impel us as churches to our proper part in these onward movements. In some ways the development of Congregationalism, he said, had been disappointing, and he hoped for that kind of organization which, without destroying the autonomy of the local church, would make for more effectiveness in Christian work.

At the time of the organization at 9:30 a. m. there were about eighty persons in attendance; the number was increased to at least one hundred and fifty in a half hour, and when the time had come for the Rev. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan to speak there were not less than three hundred and fifty present. Dr. Morgan said: "It is a joy to be with you; a joy to be with my own people—Congregationalists—my work being largely interdenominational."

It having been arranged that his addresses should be largely concerning the Minor Prophets, he stated it as his intention of giving a bird's-eye view of their contents.

Considering Hosea first, it was said that his message was one of sin, judgment and love. In the prophet's experience there was a revelation of God's dealing with sin. In his agony Hosea learned what God's sorrow was; and then his own personal experience dropping out, he voiced the severity and also the tenderness of God. The narrative was held to be of an actual experience and not parabolic. The prophet was specially trained for his work, just as every man must be who works effectively for God and with God. No man, it was said, really begins to preach God's love until he has come into an almost heart-breaking experience.

In the afternoon the general topic for consideration was "Education." The Rev. C. R. Brown spoke on the subject, "Modern Changes in Educational Ideals and Methods." It was shown that there was an increased demand for personal initiative and self-reliance; also an increased demand for the making clear of the relation of knowledge to life. Knowing for the sake of being something is the ideal. It was shown also that there is a growing idea that education should result in the formation of better character. The thing needful is that the young should learn how to live so as to contribute something to the world's betterment.

Principal W. E. Wilson of Ellensburg followed with a paper on "The Possibility of Eliminating the Higher Sanctions of Life from Education." His thought was that to eliminate these would spoil education. Morality must be the chief cornerstone in education. Education is living with greater power to live in view. Although there was manifest somewhat of a trend in other directions, yet Mr. Wilson was confident that the tendency in education today is in general toward satisfying the higher claims of life.

Prof. L. F. Anderson of Whitman College addressed the Congress next on "What the Church Owes to Greek and its Present Duty.". The Nicene creed was said to have been the culmination of Greek theology. The influence of Greek thought on Roman life and thought and its early world-wide influence were traced briefly. All along down the centuries it was said that men had been reanimated by the reading of the ancient classics, and today it is widely held to be a man's most influential language next to his native language. Every faculty of the mind it was claimed is developed by it, and it would be a sad day for the church were the preachers of the gospel to conclude that they could dispense with its study.

President Kane of the University of Washington spoke on "The Responsibility of the Church for the Welfare of the Students in Our State Educational Institutions." Considering the matter first with reference to the good to the students the speaker said that the first thing needful is to get a hold of the students: that no matter how lofty the motives of a minister his work among students will be a failure unless he has gained their respect and confidence. The Y. M. C. A. influence was mentioned as of value because its workers were generally men among men. Referring to the city of Seattle it was stated that there had been no systematic effort on the part of the churches to get the University students identified with the churches. Not ten per cent. were attracted thereto. The remoteness of most of the churches and the inability of those near by to meet the need was given as the explanation of this condition.

Considering next the effect on the future of the churches President Kane said that to win the students would greatly strengthen the church, inasmuch as they were to be leaders in thought in the future. Throughout there was manifested a disposition on the part of President Kane to co-operate in every wise effort for reaching those in the University of Washington.

President Penrose of Whitman College presented a paper on "The Responsibility of the Church in the Matter of Education." It was an able plea for Christian education and for that sense of responsibility therefore which will place our colleges where they can give in fuller measure this leavening, life-giving to our civilization.

Prof. W. N. Ferrin of Forest Grove, Oregon, told of what the pioneers had done on this Coast for Christian education through our academies and colleges. The relation of the denominational college and the small college to the State Universities was considered and it was shown that the former could do what the latter could not do. Due credit was given the Universities for what they are doing, but when all is said, the position was that they are not doing the best for the young that can be done. The best character is based on the eternal truths of God's word, and only

in the Christian college do these receive adequate attention.

In the evening the Rev. Dr. A. H. Bradford spoke on "The Nobility and Value of Our Free Congregational Inheritance." Dr. Kantner, the moderator from Oregon, presiding. Dr. Bradford emphasized the value of independent thought and toleration, speaking eloquently, as on all occasions since he came to the Coast. He held the close attention of a crowded house for nearly an hour; and then came Dr. G. Campbell Morgan on "The Church: Its Nature and Purpose." He took his text from the 9th verse of the second chapter of First Peter: "But ye are an elect race, a royal priesthood, a people for God's own possession, that ye may show forth the excellencies of him who called you out of darkness into his marvelous light." None who heard will ever forget the brilliant thoughts which were given on the words, "Ye are that ye may." It was shown that God's one task had been that of the attempt to reveal himself to man, and it was the work of the church to continue the work which Christ had begun here on the earth. Here are a few thoughts:

"I believe with all the powers of my being that if a man can see God he will love him."

"The most searching question I can put to myself is: How far are men seeing God in me? And this is the searching question for the church."

"There is nothing so wonderful in all God's creation as a new-made man."

"You cannot preach the sermon on the Mount without the cross."

"Socialism does not mean a man with a red flag crying down with everything that is up. It means the communism of Christianity."

"You will never have a regenerated society except on the basis of regenerated lives. He who attempts it otherwise is like one trying to grow blossoms without root or bud."

A large additional delegation from California came by steamer in time for the Saturday morning session of the Congress. Several additional delegates came also from various other places. When the Congress was called to order by Rev. Dr. Wright of Boise, Idaho, the Moderator for the Central States, there were but few delegates in their places, but the room was well filled by the time for Dr. G. Campbell Morgan's Bible study. Dr. Morgan took up the prophet Hosea, a continuation of the study of the previous day. He mentioned the three great cycles. (1) The Pollution and Its Cause. (2) The Pollution and Its Punishment. (3) The Great Love of Jehovah. The doctor took up the first two cycles. In part he said: "The prophet, as indeed should every preacher, came before the people with a clear, authoritative word from God. He calls all to a meeting with God, all of whose judgments are based on strict justice. It is worth while in passing to notice that just when a man thinks he has gained his throne without God, just then has he lost it. The corruption is the pollution of the priests. No leader can ever lift the people above the level of his own conscious experience. The peculiar fault of the priest is always feeding on the sins of the people. The two functions of the priest are: oversight and feeding. The people will be punished because the outward physical sins which everyone curses are the direct result of the spiritual sins which everyone excuses. The dealing with outward externalities is not our great work, but it is to bring men face to face with God's purity and truth. God is a God of sweet justice and great reasonableness. What the world needs today is not love and mercy, but stern, strict justice, which is indeed the best expression of the sweet, divine love. God's method of punishment is described in three ways here, or rather a threefold method of the progressive punishment of pollution. (1) By the silent, insidious method of the moth of rottenness. God never stands over a man or a nation with a rod and strikes when he sins, but the secret of the punishment is in the sin itself. (2) The method of the veritable breaking up, the wounding of the people, the training by the lion and by the young lion. (3) The withdrawal of God and their entire abandonment. This is not judgment as a penalty, but judgment as a method, for 'they will seek me.' All forms of impurity end ultimately in the depopulation of the people; this is scientifically true of all prophecy and history. The great love song here is the greatest paragraph in the prophets in its sweetness and majesty."

Immediately following Dr. Morgan's address the general subject of "Christian Nurture" was considered. All of the papers presented were very helpful and received the most thoughtful attention. Prof. A. H. Yoder of Seattle spoke on "The Evangelization of Boys and Girls." Real, practical help and light was brought on the subject in this most helpful and inspiring address. Rev. H. N. Smith of Portland, Oregon, next spoke on the great Chicago and Denver conventions and "The Future of Religious Education." The central aim of educational effort, religious and secular, is moral, the growth and development of character. Prof. W. F. Bade of Pacific Seminary thrilled all by his thoughtful and profound treatment of his theme, "Bible Teaching and Modern Biblical Scholarship." This paper, as indeed were the others, was thoroughly discussed, and the value and absolute necessity of true and sincere study forcibly brought out. Rev. C. J. Singer of San Francisco conducted a round table discussion on "What Can Youth Be Given to Do in the Work of the Church." Many practical ideas and hints were presented. The entire series of addresses were helpful in their practical bearing on the great need of working with and training the young. During the session Rev. E. S. Ufford, author of "Throw Out the Life Line," led the congress in singing his song. Dr. Ufford is making a tour of the world and it was inspiring to meet and hear the author of the song God has so blessed.

After luncheon the congress was treated to a grand excursion on Lake Washington, spending two delightful hours in enjoying the beauties of this grand inland lake. About four hundred delegates and friends shared in the excursion, which was a fitting close to the inspiration of the morning.

If we forget that our chief business is to do the works of Him that sent us, we shall lose the mightiest impulse to right living. God is on the field and we are under His care as well as subject to His authority. Therefore we need not fear to go straight on in the path of duty.

A few days ago in China a man was convicted of crimes so atrocious that beheading was deemed too easy a punishment, and he was condemned to be crucified. As we read of his awful agony, we think at once of the shame and the torture on Calvary, where, on his cross, the gentle Lord suffered for us sinful men.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SCUDDER.

Lesson 8. **May 24, 1903.**

Paul Before Agrippa. Acts xxvi:19-29.

Felix was recalled to Rome two years after the events of the last lesson, leaving Paul still a prisoner at Cesarea. The Jews with unabated malignity approached the newly appointed Governor, Festus, and Paul was again brought to trial. The proposal to go to Jerusalem for another trial was averted by the apostle's appeal to be judged by Caesar. A few days later Herod Agrippa II, great-grandson of Herod the Great, and his sister, Bernice, paid a state visit to the new Governor, and becoming interested in the recital of the case, they desired to see and hear the great apostle. Our lesson describes the scene at this hearing.

1. A convert's career (v. 19-23).

Arrested on his way to Damascus by the vision recorded in v. 13; the apostle tells his story simply yet effectively. These are the stages. (1.) Obedience to the vision. Most converts see visions, not the kind that Paul saw, but of some kind. The one who sits before a camera watches the photographer make all the preparations of focussing, getting the correct position, modifying the light, placing the sensitized plate in its place. Then comes the crucial moment. He presses a button, a moment's exposure, a vision is let in, an impression received, a person immortalized. Unconsciously, perhaps consciously, the soul is prepared, the conscience wakes, the emotions stirred, the reason quickened. The soul's sight is directed towards Jesus, a moment of illumination occurs, a vision is given, the Christ is received in the soul's innermost chamber. The remarkable fact connected with visions from God is their accompaniment by a message, a message about God, or to the individual, or through him to some one else. A review of the visions recorded in the Bible will establish this fact. Herein these visions differ from those ordinarily claimed to be given from heaven. This constitutes their authority. Paul saw and heard. He instantly obeyed. That was the sign of his conversion—it is of ours. To see and not to obey is to become hardened, to refuse God, to turn from Christ. Find illustration of this in our lesson (vv. 24 and 28). What results would have followed had Paul been disobedient to the heavenly vision? Negatively, at least, we should possess no Epistles, there would have been no great missionary journeys, there would have been no great character for a help and inspiration to the thousands of Christians in the world. Sad would have been one little act on Paul's part. Who can estimate what would be the effect if any of us are disobedient to the heavenly vision? (2.) Seeking openings. And they were not far to discover. Those who love most do not need to go far afield for opportunities to serve their Lord. Damascus, Jerusalem, the coasts of Judea, all furnish openings for work. Young converts are usually eager to do something, they seek openings. If the zeal continues there is no limit to what can be done. God gives Gentiles to Paul for his earnest seekings. He will give you all the work that your zeal will enable you to do. (3) Proclaiming the message. Not one evolved from his own brain, but given of God. Not one of little moment, but fundamental sorrow for sin, acceptance of salvation, works worthy of one who repents. Not a limited message, but universal, something that reaches human hearts in all ages, and is no respecter of persons, abilities, or classes. (4) Meeting opposition. Notice how straight he goes to the real cause of Jewish malignity. It was because of his message, not because of treason, nor of desecrating the temple. If we encounter opposition now, as Christians have in every age, it is because the Gospel age contains principle enough, and power also, to demolish the strongholds of those who establish themselves in untruth of all kinds (see Rom. i:18). (5.) Providential deliverance. The word "help" occurs here only, and refers to all Paul's experiences of deliverance, of which the two years' imprisonment was a final example. You and I would have considered two years' imprisonment under circumstances where we were anxious to be accomplishing a great task, as a serious detriment, and our complaints might have been loud and bitter, for two years are a long time to be idle, especially to a worker like Paul. But he neither counted it a waste or a hindrance, only a Providential deliverance. His lesson is summed up in Phil. iv:11. (6.) Magnifying his office. He was appointed as a "witness" (v. 16), and in this last sentence he condenses his entire teaching, and casts it in full power upon the audience composed of the greatest dignitaries in the land. He witnesses to God's complete revelation in Christ, the fulfillment of those things which "the prophets and Moses did say should come!" He witnesses to Christ as the complete revelation of God (v. 23) in His character, His purpose and His achievements. Every phrase of this verse radiates thought, Christ as subject to suffering, as conqueror over death, the greatest, and necessarily of all lesser evils, as the illuminator of the world, Jew and Gentile.

2. Unbelief's opinion.

1. Festus. Whether he knew much of the religious (or irreligious) philosophy of the day we will never find out. But he evidenced good capabilities in his official position, and must have had a good mental grasp of things. But Paul's statement was too much for his credence. An incarnation would have no difficulty for him, as all the heathen dieties assumed the human form, according to received opinion. But for a God to suffer, or to die and rise again! such a creed was that of a touched brain—evidently much thought on this subject had affected Paul's mind. That is one of the favorite recourses of unbelief. If the Gospel brings forward a miracle or announces a sacrifice for sin in an incarnate Redeemer, or proclaims a resurrection, the arguments against the possibility of any or all of these things are flaunted in such a way that we are politely accused of a little mental unsoundness for holding to them. Festus voices the real verdict, a widespread skepticism, in his words, "Thy much learning is turning thee to madness." How dignified the reply to the coarse taunt (v. 25). How forcibly the apostle arraigns thought before faith, and declares the supremacy of the latter. Faith, not logic, is the requirement of the Gospel. We have no room to discuss it, but if the preponderance of thought forced the world to absolutely credit miracles, the incarnation, resurrection, and the entire scheme of salvation, would that bring men to accept life in Christ?

2. Agrippa. At the same time Paul does not minimize the effect of logic or historic fact; or knowledge obtained from any authentic source. It was but thirty years since the event of the resurrection. Agrippa's relative had been a participator to some extent in the history of that period. The facts about the Christ could not be brushed aside, the Gospel of the risen Savior had been preached without intermission and

with great success in Jerusalem since Pentecost of that memorable year. Paul's appeal was to the fact, which was not done in a corner. And in Agrippa's acquiescence to the fact Paul finds his opportunity. As a Jew the King had a knowledge of Moses and the prophets; he would readily admit his belief in them. From this to the question whether he believed in the Christ, in whose life, suffering and resurrection these prophecies had found fulfillment, would be an easy transition. Agrippa saw the drift of the conversation, and adroitly turned the arrow from his own breast. The Revised Version has the real sentiment of the King. "With but little persuasion thou wouldst fain make me a Christian." The entire sentence breathes scorn. The emphasis brings out the "me" and "Christian." "Me a Jewish King" made a "Christian," and with such little effort! Here is another familiar method of unbelief,to discountenance the proofs of Christianity. Is it true that with little persuasion we seek to make men Christians? Is it not true that the world has no surer proofs of the facts of any historical event than we have of the resurrection? Have not the centuries since Christ furnished arguments sufficient to convince the most skeptical, if he wished to be convinced. The arguments for the divine origin of Christianity, the proofs of the continuity of Christian institutions, the genuineness of the writings contained in the New Testament, the genuineness of the kingdom of God as an advanceing condition, and the unquestioned power of the Gospel in transforming the worst lives, all conspire to persuade men with a mighty power. No one can refuse to believe simply for lack of intellectual proof. The intellect would yield in all fairness were it not for the heart which desires not the things of God. Let the Spirit have His way with our souls until we are possessed of the new life, and there will be found an abundance of proof for the truth of Christianity.

Christian Endeavor Service.

REV. HERBERT N. BEVIER

May 24.

Power and Prayer—Acts i: 13, 14; ii: 1-4, 41.

Power in a spiritual sense, like power in every other true and ultimate sense, is a gift of God, but unlike other expressions of power. Spiritual energy in man's present state is a gift bestowed for the longing and the asking. All mechanical power is a gift of God. The energies of the lever, the inclined plane, the wheel and axle, the wedge and all the others are simply modes of that primal and original force which has its seat in the will of God. So with the forces of air and water, heat and electricity. Intellectual force, the energy of mind, the thinking power is likewise a gift. It is in the soul—the mind, heart and will—that God's image dwells. In the mind and its workings we have a mirror of the infinite and this is a bestowal. We can train the mind, render it more acute, polish it until it gleams and flashes, strengthen it by judicious discipline, but no one yet has created mind nor evolved it out of matter. What the future may disclose is not ours to discern, but in the present state of knowledge the energy of mind is a distinct and specific mode of energy of a nature all its own, and is a gift of God independent of our will.

* * *

So spiritual power, the Holy Spirit, is a gift only in our present sinful state. It is a gift with a condition attached—it has to be asked for, and the mode of asking for it is prayer. If we would have spiritual power-energy to overcome sin, strength to lead holy and godly lives, efficiency in Christian service, missionary zeal, the tongue of fire and the heart of tenderness we must seek it at the throne of Grace. We cannot expect that it will fall like the rain and the dew upon the just and the unjust alike, upon the eager and the indifferent, upon those who desire it and those who desire it not. Spiritual power is a gift in freedom. It is one of the privileges of Christian liberty. Man is not a lever of iron or a pulley of rope and sheaves or a wedge of wood, neither is it a glow of heat or a breath of wind, or gleam of light caught in the fetters of fatalistic naturalistic law. Man is a creature of a higher law, a law of freedom and as freedom carries responsibility in its heart. Man is responsible if he has not power. Man has a will which makes him higher in rank than other creatures and places above the realm of what is usually understood as natural law.

* * *

The disciples were greatly in need of power at the time the words of our Scriptures were written. They had a great task to perform. They were after Christ to be the founders of the church and the pioneers of the kingdom of God on earth. A new spiritual religion was to begin its sway in the world and they were to be its apostles and chief promoters. Power was thus a great necessity. They needed power to preach, power to teach, power to influence men, power to overcome hindrances, power to endure sufferings. Where were they to get this power? It was promised that they should receive it and the condition of its coming was prayer. For ten days they waited in that upper room in prayer and supplication until the Pentecostal day brought down the power. And what power it was! What witnessing they did. First Peter in that wonderful sermon that touched the hearts of three thousand and won them for Christ. Then Peter and John at the Beautiful Gate, then Philip in Samaria and in the desert, then Stephen at the place of martyrdom, then Paul unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

* * *

Disciples of today have as much need of power as those of apostolic times. Our tasks, though different, are in a sense just as great. There are still blind to be made to see, deaf to be made to hear, evil spirits to be cast out, dead to be made to live. Not all the mountains are yet removed, nor the stones rolled away, nor has the gospel yet been preached to millions of souls. Ours is an age of great spiritual indifference. Thousands in great cities and hundreds in small towns and hamlets are not only apathetic concerning eternal interests, but postively hostile to any gospel approach. Dr. Amory Bradford said to the ministers met in union meeting a few days ago that the churches, missions, settlements and kindred agencies altogether were only skimming the surface of the life of great cities, and who does not realize that it is true. The church needs new baptisms of power; Christian Endeavorers need it, Sabbath-school workers need it, ministers need it. Nothing but a power can meet the demands of the hour.

* * *

Sometimes the opinion is expressed that revivals are overworn, that their day is past and something else is to take their place. Some of us think that instead of less we need more revival power. Certainly there is a need of a great awakening; certainly there is need of the rushing mighty wind and the tongue of fire. Certainly there is need of something extraordinary

to turn the minds of godless men to heavenly things. Mr. Beecher used to say that when a fire of chips burned feebly or is ready to die out, it needs a bellows to blow it into a living flame.

* * *

It was Jonathan Ewards, the metaphysician, who said that religion was three-fourths emotion, and that the preacher or teacher that slighted the affectional element in efforts to save men slighted the very hidings of his power, and it was Jonathan Edwards, the great-hearted thinker, who led the great awakening of Puritan days. Whether revivals are of the past or not, the thing which revivals accomplished needs perpetually to be done and power is needed to do it. Would that all of God's people were prophets, would that Moodys were as plentiful as church members. There would be none too many to evangelize the world.

* * *

What we need is more prayer. All great awakenings have been prayed into being. All the Whitefields and Wesleys and Chalmers and Luthers were great prayers. Prayer opens a channel in the heart for the influx of power. Prayer moves the arm that moves the world.

More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of,
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

AUNT ABBY ON FRIENDSHIP.

When I was a girl I used to think and talk a great deal about friendship. Most young folks do, I guess. It's a kind of nice-sounding, sentimental word, and lots has been said and writ about it. There was a book that always laid on ma's best room table—it had a red cover and matched the carpet and curtains—called "Friendship's Offering," and there were real pretty verses in it. And there was a piece we used to sing to a tune named Friendship, a sort of jumpy, up and down tune. The words began,

"Friendship to every willing mind
Offers a heavenly treasure."

And there were ever so many stories in different books about friends and what they did for each other. I used to think about the subject a good deal and wish I had one of the kind of friends that would die for me, and things like that. And I'd sit by the hour and think how fine 'twould be to have somebody set so much by me that she'd follow me to the ends of the earth and give up everything for me, and mebbe mourn herself to death on my grave if I was taken away first. Or I'd get thinking how she'd save me from drowning or being burnt up or being run over, and be glad to do it for me, her beloved friend. I'd really cry hard about it as I'd go all over it in my mind, it seemed so real and so dreadful mournful and nice.

Well, I kept choosing friends, one at a time, and each time I'd think it was going to be one of the friendships you read about. But somehow it didn't turn out that way. Mebbe she—the friend—would give up to me and do things for me, first-off, but it wouldn't last. She'd get tired giving up and expect me to do some of the sacrificing, and then I'd be disappointed and discouraged, and feel as if I was kind of a martyr. And I'd write compositions about this world's being a fleeting show, and how nobody appreciated folks whose hearts was crying out for a friend, and all that silly stuff young folks talk and write.

There was Jane Langworthy. I took her for my intimate friend one time. We went to school together, and we sat at the same desk and kept together in our lessons and were always whispering secrets and going about with our arms 'round each other. I asked her if she was willing to die for me, and she said she was, and I believed her and was real satisfied. But one time when I was head of the spelling class and set on keeping my place, Jane spelt a word I missed and went above me, and my faith was shook for a long spell.

Then I had Mercy Evans. That lasted longer than most any of my everlasting friendships, for Mercy was dreadful pleasant and real unselfish. But once we were talking together on the way to singing-school, and I asked her if she would be willing to be burnt at the way to singing-school, and I asked her if she would be willing to be burnt at the stake sooner than deny her friendship for me. Well, I didn't suppose she'd even stop to think, but she did. She sort of colored up and looked troubled, and I says, "Why, of course, if you had to choose betwixt that and denying me, wouldn't you?" And Mercy says, very low and stammering, "Oh. I hope I might, but I'm so afraid I wouldn't. I ain't a bit good about standing pain, you know, and I might give in." I was that disappointed I could hardly speak, but as soon as I found my voice, I just up and told her what I thought of her and what a failure she was as a real, true, self-denying friend.

So it went on, but I can't remember all of my different friendships nor what broke each one up. But I do remember plain just how I came to see things different and to know what friendship really means. My friend that time was Maria Anderson. She was real pretty to look at, with heaps of shining yellow hair, pink cheeks, and big blue eyes. I guess it was her good looks made me first think of taking her for my intimate friend. She wasn't much at studying and was 'most always at the foot of the class, and she wasn't very well off, her folks being about the poorest in the village. But she talked beautifully about friendship and promised to stand by me till death and give up everything for me, even her life, if it was necessary. I thought this time I'd found just what I'd been looking for so long. But after a spell I began to see faults in Maria. Spite of all her talk about giving up, I could see she managed to get her own way, or tried to, at any rate. She expected my help in her lessons and writing compositions; she hinted at wanting my prettiest hair ribbons and bows. She got me to introduce my boy friends to her and then sort of took them away from me, she being so much nicer to look at. Fact is, she didn't seem to do anything for me in friendship's name except to talk and promise.

'Twas just at that time when I was seeing all this and was disappointed and discouraged, for about the twentieth time in my life, that something happened. 'Twasn't anything out of the common; at least it didn't appear to be at first. I was turning over the leaves of my Bible, looking for a good verse to say at a weekly prayer-meeting, when my eye fell on the word "friend," and I stopped to read what it said. It was that beautiful verse, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for a friend." Well, in my narrow, selfish way of looking at the subject, poor, silly girl that I was, I says to myself, "Oh, how true that is! But where shall I ever find such a friend, one that would really and truly lay down her life for me?"

All of a sudden,—for the very first time in my life, if you'll believe it,—came into my mind the question,

"What about your doing that for a friend?" I felt kind of ashamed, even though I was all by myself, but I tried to get around it by saying, "We're not talking about that side of it; that's another question." But I knew all the time it wasn't another question, but the same, only more important. I tried to get it out of my head, so I thought I'd look up some other verses about friends and friendship, thinking they might give different views. I had a little book, Brown's Concordance, and I began to look it over. I found a good many verses about friends, such as "A friend loveth at all times,"—not only when things go right, you see,—and "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not"—not even if they're not quite perfect and seem a mite selfish. And then turning over the pages, I kept coming upon passages about our dealings with our "brothers," which must be about the same as friends, the forgiving them, and bearing with them, and doing for them, and "by love, serving one another," bearing each other's burdens, being long suffering. And I struck by chance (mebbe it wasn't by chance) on those verses about charity; its never failing, its suffering long, its bearing all things, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things. Dear me, by that I almost crawled under the table, I was so ashamed of what I had called my friendships.

But all that was nothing when I came, sudden like, upon this verse, "Henceforth I call you not servants, but friends." It as the Lord, our Master, who said that, you know. And He said it to them that were weak and foolish and full of mistakes, if nothing worse. He said it to Peter who was going to deny Him in the very first trouble that came; to Thomas, so full of doubtings and unbelief, to all of them that, when trials came, "forsook Him and fled." He called them friends, with all their sins and selfish ways, and was going to lay down His life for them,—and He did it. I knew all this before, but somehow I hadn't thought of it in this connection, when I was trying to find out what friendship was and why I hadn't ever got the right kind of friend.

That was one of the great waking-ups of my life, and I've had a good many. I don't mean to say I'm the right kind of a friend now. I can see such self-seeking, mean uncharitable things in my friendships always still, but I know now what they'd ought to be. Maria Anderson is about my most intimate friend still. We kept on, you see, after that time. I don't know as she's changed so dreadful much, but I look at things different. There's always two sides to a friendship, and she's got the side that lets me do for her, help her, make allowances for her. That seems to me the hardest side. I could scarcely stand it to have that side, unless it was laid upon me so's I could see I'd ought to take it. And I've got the side of helping, giving up, sacrificing,—in a very small way that hardly deserves the name,—seeing the happiness that I can give her and that she's willing to take. Mine's the easiest side, you see, but I didn't seek it out; it seemed to come that way naturally. And she does fit into her part real well, and I love her for it. It almost seems sometimes that she goes out of her way to give me chances to do for and help her. There's times when I am wishing for some new way to show my friendship for her, and all of a sudden she'll let me know there's some one little thing she wants and has set her mind on, and that I could get for her. And I do it, gladly enough, I tell you, and she takes it so surprised and so thankful, and there comes a little more love for her in my heart and a beautiful new thing into our friendship.

Sometimes—not very often, not quite frequent enough to suit me—the thing I see she wants takes a real sacrificing and giving up on my part, and that's splendid and makes my heart too full to hold. It was that way about the little home of her own she's got now, down the street there. She let me see that she just longed to own that place, and I managed to surprise her with it one birthday. I found I couldn't quite do that without parting with my wood that I'd sort of held on to because pa left it to me. And the letting that wood lot go so't I could buy that little home for Maria was 'most the best thing that ever came into our friendship, for it hurt a little, and I was dreadful glad.

And there's lots of little bits of things she lets me do. She never liked preserving and pickling or making jell. She always lets me do them for her, and generally her cakes and pies, too. And her posy garden is prettier than mine now since I took to taking care of it for her. I don't waste my time now pottering over my own plants in the selfish way I used to, and I'm proud and pleased when people talk about what a faculty for gardening Miss Anderson's got, and kind of hint that she beats me. And so as to the work she takes home from the sewing society. She has a queer trouble in her back that makes her nervy and sort of weak if she sews, while I really like to have a needle in my fingers, so it works just right, her part and mine. And, of course, there's no need talking about our little ways outside, so I get a little pride again in knowing folks think my best friend is a good seamtress.

Oh, I get a full share out of this friendship, you better believe. I am too selfish not to have that. It's better to be a friend than have a friend, I hold, but they come to the same thing after all. Don't call yourself a friend and be thinking the everlasting time what the other side of the friendship can do for you. But be a friend for the sake of what you can do for the other, what you can give or give up, what sorrow you can bear for him, what sacrifice you can make, what good to his body or, more than all, to his soul.

How I do run on! And I ought to be home this instant minute, steeping some wild valerian. Maria Anderson feels as if she was going to have a gone spell, and she always thinks my steeping is a lot better than any she can do, she's so partial to me for I'm her most intimate friend, you know.—Annie Trumbull Slosson, in "Aunt Abby's Neighbors."

SOME GLIMPSES OF MISSIONARY LIFE IN ZULULAND.

Rev. E. R. Bunker, whose home is at Umroti, has charge of the church and schools there, and also at Impapala. He has sent a very interesting account of a trip made into Zululand, of which we give a few condensed extracts.

Arrived at Impapala, I am directed to the house of Mr. Plant Mcanyana, the preacher in charge of the station. A warm welcome meets me. My comfort is immediately the law of the household. After supper Mr. Plant takes me to see his garden and orchard. Here are orange, lemon, guava, mango, loquat and peach trees, and one very precious cherry tree from America. Six years he has been here, and he is justly proud of the fruits of his industry.

The day closes with family prayers, at which the whole household gathers. Here is a man, born in the densest heathenism, gathering his family about the altar of the most high God, and teaching his family the pure Gospel of God's Son.

The institution of the Christian home is here in its purity with its tremendous power for good. As I sat in that circle about the head of the household, "the father," as they call him, I had a vision of the time when this institution shall have wrought for the Zulu race what it has for the Anglo-Saxon.

The Lord's Day dawns bright and blessed. The sun is gilding the hills and chasing the shadows out of the valleys as Plant directs my eye to the points of interest in view. * * * Here about us are the homes and farms of the men who, leaving our mission stations in Natal, and striking out for themselves, have established a Christian Zulu civilization far out in this surrounding heathenism. Sixteen years ago they began to build here. They were immersed in heathenism. There was a good chance to revert to it if they wished. They had no church, no school, no preacher, no missionary to say them nay. But they brought with them a knowledge and love for the institutions of Christianity, which had so recently been given them by the American missionaries. The Word of God, the Christian home with its one wife and family altar, the assembly of believers on the Lord's Day, the Christian school,—these were all transplanted with them in their new home.

The church bell rings and we start for the morning service. The church is recently built and by the people themselves. It is of brick, with iron roof, and will seat between two and three hundred people. The bricks were moulded and laid, and the roof made by Zulu workman. One of our Amanzimtote boys did the woodwork and did it well. Such a monument to Christian growth among the Zulus does one's heart good. The seats are not yet made and the people sit on the floor for the most part. But here you have as orderly an assembly of worshippers as you will find anywhere. Their dresses and manners are not Parisian, but they are Christian, which is far better. I enjoyed preaching to them, and I believe the Spirit of God was there. * * * Two things impressed me deeply on my visit. First, the fact so vividly demonstrated here, that the truth keeps its grip on the Zulus when their environment would all tend to cause them to revert back to heathenism. Second, that they have the power of initiative in Christian service. This power, with the Spirit of God to quicken it, means much for Africa.

Will you pray that God will bless this people to His glory? Yours in His service,

Fred R. Bunker.

Church News.

Northern California.

Suisun.—This church on May 3d welcomed four to membership, one on confession.

Paso Robles.—A series of union gospel meetings, led by Rev. C. S. Billings, has been held in this church with good attendance and interest.

Petaluma.—The church has voted to increase pastor Patterson's salary $200, beginning with June 1st, the commencement of his third year of service.

Saratoga.—The parsonage has been papered and painted, a telephone put in the hall and other repairs made. The Ladies' Aid Society has led in the work.

Berkeley, North.—Four members were received by this church Sunday evening, May 10th, making fourteen for the May communion, nine of these being by confession.

Southern California.

Perris.—Four united with the church on May 3d, three on confession. The church is prospering. The pastor and wife are soon to have a well-earned vacation.

Lemon Grove.—The San Diego County Association of Congregational ministers and churches has been lately held with this church. Rev. E. E. P. Abbott was elected Moderator and gave the opening sermon. Superintendent Malie gave an encouraging address on "The Mission of the Congregational Church in the Country."

Pasadena, North.—This church held its fifteenth Annual Meeting May 1st. Dr. H. M. Fields, who came up from Long Beach to attend the meeting, was elected Secretary. Encouraging reports were given from the Sunday-school and Woman's Society. A new bell, costing $267, had been given to the church by Dr. Field and family. About 150 people sat down at the tables.

Los Angeles.—Pico Heights. April 5th was a day of joy and consecration for the pastor and people of this church. The new building, with the new parsonage beside it, was dedicated. Dr. Warren F. Day preached the sermon, Pres. Geo. A. Gates and others taking part in the services. The cost of the building is about $6,700. This has been raised almost wholly by the efforts of the church and congregation. For about thirteen years Pastor Schaefle has labored for this people building up a city church, and also caring for Hyde Park, seven miles away.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. Clarence T. Brown, formerly of Salt Lake, has reached San Diego, his new field of labor.

Rev. C. A. Huntington, veteran minister, and former pastor of the Congregational church of Eureka, had a dinner given him on the ninety-first anniversary of his birth, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. A. J. Monroe.

At the Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity; Rev. E. P. Dennett of Alameda read a paper reviewing Prof. James' book, "Varieties of Religious Experience." By unanimous vote the President was requested to invite Rev. Charles Sheldon of Topeka, Kansas, to address the club at their next meeting; it is hoped that he will accept.

The Christian people of Stockton feel that the moral atmosphere of their community is being injured by the Sunday excursions from this city. A petition to the Mayor and Common Council was read from all the pulpits including the Catholic on Sunday, May 3d. In behalf of the morality and prosperity of their city, they deplore the increase of the licensed saloon, which means the increase of drunkenness and crime; and also the Sunday excursions, which bring a disturbing and dangerous element on that day, interfering with church services, by bands of music, and causing uneasiness to householders, because of deeds of lawlessness; and the degradation and shame of seeing boys and girls in large numbers drunk on their streets. Something is radically wrong, when such a petition is necessary in any city of our great State.

The East Los Angeles Congregational Church at the resignation of its pastor, Rev. Mr. Dorland, adopted the following resolutions: Whereas, The six years'

pastorate of the Rev. C. P. Dorland will be brought to a close on May the 17th by his resignation, therefore be it Resolved, That we, the members of the East Los Angeles Congregational Church, deeply regret his decision to sever his pastoral relation with us; that words fail us when we try to express what he has done for us these six years past; that the helpfulness of the gospel he has preached to us, the truths he has presented, and the broadening influence of his teachings have opened doors in our souls heavenward, which, please God, shall never close; and that we shall be purer and truer men and women, more helpful neighbors and better Christians for his noble work among us. Resolved, That the years of faithful service rendered to this society by him have been blessed in the upbuilding of our church, increasing its membership and creating unity and fellowship among us. Resolved, That Mrs. Dorland's work among us has been an inspiration to a higher and more useful life for us all, and although with deep regret we lose the enthusing and cheerful personality, yet the memory of her life shall always be a blessing and a benediction. Resolved, That in the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Dorland this church meets with an inestimable loss; that we follow them with our love, our prayers, and our best wishes; that we most sincerely commend them as true and efficient workers for the kingdom of Christ in whatever part of the Master's vineyard they may be called to labor. Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the church, a copy to be furnished Mr. Dorland, and a copy also be sent to the Pacific for publication.

Oregon Letter

By Geo. H. Himes.

The second installation service in the history of the Congregational churches in Oregon is now an event of the past. The first was alluded in my letter in the last issue of The Pacific. None of the ministers taking part in the first service are now living, and but few, if any, who were members of the church at that time. Hence, as it may be seen, since more than a generation has passed this is the first opportunity that a large proportion of the present membership has had to witness this most important service—that of the installation of a pastor—a service vital to the spirit and traditions of the Congregational polity—a service of which, it may be said with regret, has been more honored in the breach than in the observance on the Pacific coast.

As may be remembered, Rev. Elwin L. House, D.D., began his labors with the Portland First church, with the first Sunday in September 1902. His ministrations soon began to take hold of the people with such power that the idea of a permanent pastorate began to take root—a condition long needed by this church. This sentiment grew rapidly, and in January, 1903, it was determined to extend him a call. After due deliberation this call was accepted, and May 7th was fixed as the day upon which the service should take place, in order that the presence of a number of ministers from California, en route to the Third Pacific Coast Congregational Congress to meet at Seattle on May 8th, might be taken advantage of—among them Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., moderator of the National Council.

Accordingly invitations were sent to forty-three of the churches of the State, to which thirty-two responded by sending either a minister or delegate.

When the council convened at 3:30 p. m., it was called to order by Rev. D. B. Gray, and Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D., President of Pacific Theological Seminary, Berkeley, Cal., elected moderator and Rev. Charles E. Chase, pastor of Hassalo Street church, Portland, scribe.

The moderator called for the proceedings of the church calling Dr. House. This being supplied by this church clerk and found to be in proper order, the credentials of the pastor-elect were then called for. These Dr. House presented, and being satisfactory, the moderator called upon Dr. House for a "Statement of this Theological Belief." To this he responded at length. Since this will be printed in full in a short time a summary of it is omitted. As the statement was so clear and satisfactory in every respect to the council, covering every vital point, the usual questioning was omitted, and the council adjourned until 8 p. m.

At the above hour the council convened and was opened with prayer by Rev. J. J. Staub of the Sunnyside church. The minutes of the council were read by the scribe, followed by a hymn announced by Rev. Cephas F. Clapp, and the reading of the Scriptures by Rev. Howard A. Bridgman, managing editor of The Congregationalist, Boston, and the singing of the anthem, "The Lord Is My Light," by Mrs. Rose Bloch-Bauer and W. H. Boyer. The installation sermon was preached by Rev. Charles R. Brown, D.D., of Oakland, Cal. His subject was "The Transfiguration," and he presented it in a most luminous manner and fittingly exemplified the relations of a minister to his people and the responsibility of each to the other, showing that the relation must be mutual if successful. The charge to the pastor was given by the moderator, and it was suggestive and practical in every respect. Perhaps it was little out of the ordinary order or method commonly used in such cases; but nevertheless, it was very helpful and measured by strong common sense, the outgrowth of the many years of Dr. McLean's successful pastorate in Oakland.

The right hand of fellowship on the part of the churches of the State was given by Rev. W. C. Kantner, D.D., of the Salem First church. An anthem, "The Choir Angelic," was then rendered by the choir, after which Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., gave the charge to the people. This was a most admirable address, and in it was emphasized the point that if a people wanted an eloquent minister they must be eloquent hearers.

Rev. Edgar P. Hill, D.D. of the First Presbyterian church gave a most cordial greeting on behalf of the churches of the city, and the exercises closed with prayer and benediction by Rev. E. T. Ford of Tacoma, Wash.

Between the sessions the installation supper was served by the ladies of the church, after which, with Judge John B. Cleland as toastmaster, toasts were responded to by Rev. Howard N. Bridgman D.D., Rev. Edwin S. Williams, D.D., Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., Judge M. C. George, Rev. C. H. Daniels, D.D., of the American Board, and letters from former pastors were read by Charles L. Fay, chairman of the Installation Committee of the church, followed with closing remarks by Dr. House.

Portland, May 9, 1903.

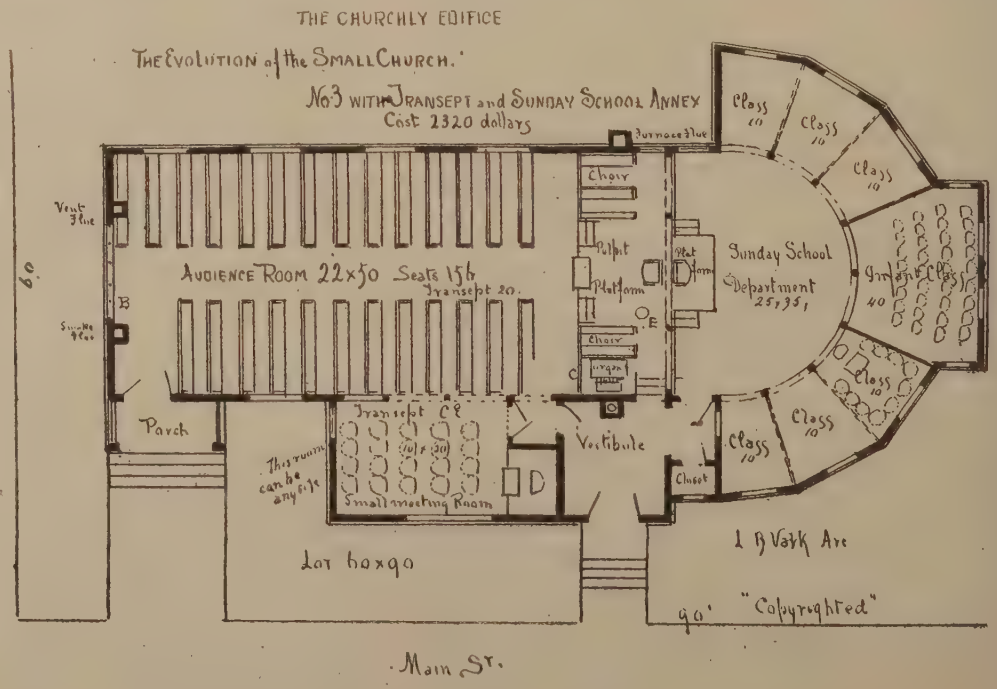
When is the soul dead in trespasses? Is it not when it trespasses on the love of those about us, trespasses on their weakness, trespasses on their claims upon us. Father, forgive us our trespasses!

No. 3. The Evolution of the Small Church.

L. B. VALK, CHURCH ARCHITECT, Office, Stimson Block, Los Angeles, Cal.

The church has made so much advance still more room is needed; new members have come in—many new scholars; so another appeal is made for more improvements of the original plan. Sunday-school must have accommodations, so we now add the Sunday-school Annex for $1,100—a handsome churchly addition with six class-rooms and infant class, all focused to the Superintendent's platform. Each class-room separated by light folding doors open in front, with drapery. Infant class closes with light doors, so they can sing and not disturb rest of school, but at opening and closing, the class-rooms have no obstructions, but are all as one room. This Annex has a clerestory—with windows—for light and ventilation; the ceiling is a continuation of audience room ceiling—the trusses corresponding to those in audience room. The partition between church and Sunday-school now comes down, and in its place the separation takes the form of a Rood Screen. It sets up above platform 8 feet and the panels in it go down or up out of sight when the two rooms are thrown together; so it will be seen that the entire length of the church is not marred by any division, and when the two rooms are thrown together, the minister stands at E and has the whole congregation before him. We now put in a furnace for $120 to heat the whole, and arrange it so as to draw all the cold air out of the building first—saving coal and wood bills and warming up in a half-hour or less. This Annex seats 140. The speaker, standing at E, has the eye of every one in both rooms, as can be obtained in no other way. It is perfection.

Erected at Bakersfield, Cal., Pond Creek, Okla., and Apache, I. T.



Plan Patented 1902. Same Plan 25x28x30 ft. wide.

Our Boys and Girls.

Our Brother-Guide.

It had reached the hour for departing,
At the end of a gloomy day,
And the school children hurried homeward,
Shouting in merry play.

"May I wait?" said one wee maiden,
Her voice had a wistful tone,
"May I wait and go home with my brother?
I cannot find home alone."

Even while she spoke he was coming,
So tall and stately and grand,
And she hastened away beside him
Holding his strong right hand.

Then I thought of our Elder Brother,
Waiting to lead us away
Out of earth's mist and darkness
Into the soul's clear day.

Waiting to shield us forever
From storms that are lowering and wild.
Asking us all to give Him
The heart of a trusting child.

Still guide us, dear Savior and Brother,
For we, who are older grown,
May falter and stray in the twilight
If we try to find home alone.

Mary McNabb Johnston.

How He Knew.

The examination week had been full of anxiety to the children, but at last the lessons were all finished, and today Alice and Lawrence were to receive their averages for the term, and upon them depended their promotion. If they made an average of seventy or more they would be promoted, but if they made over ninety they would pass as number one. They could hardly wait to know.

Papa and mama, too, were very much interested and anxious to know the result; and Uncle Ben, in the city, had promised each a gold dollar if they were number one. But papa was an engineer on the express, and although their home was near the railroad—not more than fifty yards away—they could not see him, for his train, on its down trip to the city, stopped only a few minutes at midnight at the station in the center of the town, so he could not know the result until the next day, on his return trip, when he came home for a few hours.

"We don't want you to have to wait so long to know," said Alice.

"If you knew on your way down to the city tonight you could tell Uncle Ben, and bring the gold pieces with you tomorrow—if we pass number one!" eagerly added Lawrence.

"Twelve o'clock is too late for us to stay up, and besides it is so far to the station," said mama, "so I suppose papa will have to wait until he comes home tomorrow."

"But Uncle Ben is going away tomorrow to New Orleans, and will not be back until September—and we would like him to know, so he could send the gold pieces with papa, for it will be so long to wait until he comes back from the South," said Lawrence.

"O children, don't set your hearts too much on the gold pieces your Uncle Ben has promised, for you may not pass number one, you know," cautioned mama.

"I have a plan," said papa, "for I am quite anxious to know."

"You dear old papa, it is just like you to help us out!" said Alice. "Now tell us your plan."

"Well," said papa, "you know those old red and green lanterns up in the storeroom that I used when I was a brakeman? The red one shall be Alice's and the green one Lawrence's. If you pass, light them tonight and hang them on the front porch; and if you pass number one hang them out of mama's window, so I will know by the lights and the places they occupy how you have passed; and I will let you know when I see them. Now good-by! It is time for me to go to my engine. You will hear old 'one hundred and ninety-nine' salute you if you pass.' "

Papa had scarcely gone when the lanterns were brought from the storeroom and cleaned and filled, and soon stood ready on the kitchen mantle to announce to papa the result of the examinations. Nails were also driven into the window frame and the front-porch post before they went to school that morning, so that everything should be in readiness.

At noon two happy children, flushed with excitement, rushed into the house, crying triumphantly, "We passed number one! Lets hang out the lanterns!" and then both made a dash toward the kitchen.

"O children, wait a little! There is no use hanging out the lanterns until we go to bed," said mama, as she kissed them.

"Now you go out on the porch," said mama, after she had quieted them, "and you remain there until I get luncheon ready, when I will call you.

Then mama took down the best dishes and the silver and the finest table-cloth from the sideboard, and set the table just as she did for company. Then from the pantry she brought a large cake, and quickly outlined on its brown surface with white icing:

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Number 1, 1903
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"Now come children," called mamma.

"Oh! Oh!" they cried, when they saw the table, and all the nice and good things on it.

What a long afternoon it was! But at last the sun set and the night came on, and when the clock struck 9 they lighted the lanterns and hung them out at mama's bedroom window; and after going down into the yard and then into the street to see how they looked, they went to bed, knowing that when papa passed by in his engine he would surely see them.

They could hear the freight and passenger trains pass, and tried hard to keep awake until the "twelve-two," drawn by old "one hundred and ninety-nine," was due, but long before 10 o'clock they were fast asleep. They slept soundly, and it seemed as if it must be morning when they were startled from dreams to hear the whistle blowing.

Whew! whew! whew! whew! whew! sounded the whistle in two short and three long blasts like this: — — — — —, as it seemed to say, "I—see—number—one!"

They sat up in bed to hear the train rush off into the night, but they knew the good news was told.

The next day, on his return trip, papa laid in the hands of two of the happiest children, besides the gold pieces, two beautiful books; and they treated him very generously to large slices of their promotion cake.—Youth's Companion.

Living Near the Heart of Christ.

A writer tells the story of the rose of Jericho—how it flourishes in lack of all things wherein plants delight—in the hot desert, in the rocky crevices, by the dusty wayside, in the rubbish heap. Even more, the fierce sirocco tears it from its place, and flings it far out upon the ocean, and there, driven by the storms and tossed by the salt waves, It still lives and grows. So should we grow in any and all circumstances, where we may be cast—in sorrow, in hardship, in misfortune, in suffering. A deathless life is in us, and we should be unconquerable. Christ is with us; Christ's life is in us; nothing should be allowed to rush us. Live near the heart of Christ and the world's power will not hurt you nor the world's darkness dim your soul's light.

"Noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger;
And, conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer."

—J. R. Miller, D.D.

Life has been described by Walpole as, "a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel." It is indeed a tragedy at times, and a comedy very often, but as a rule it is what we choose to make it.

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Nero, a Dog of 1860.

Nero was a common little black dog who lived a long time ago, when railroads were almost unheard of in his part of the country. That is why his good master kept a tavern, on a road that was ever busy running through woods and over hills, from one little country village to another. Nero lived in scenes quite unknown to little dogs of these days. He was an old-fashioned dog. And his life was not all play; he had other things to do, besides dozing in front of the great fireplace or in the sunshine, snapping at flies, or chasing the village cats up the trees. Nero had chores, just like some little boys.

There was "Betty," the cow. Nero took her to pasture every morning, and stayed close by to take care of her and bring her safely home again at sunset. Now, if Nero had had a pocket, Mrs. Dayton—his kind mistress—could have given him a bone to put into it for luncheon. But Nero had no pocket at all, and dogs are made in the same inconvenient way in these progressive times! So, unless he found something while Betty browsed, Nero was quite ravenous when they reached home again. Of course the time passed quickly to Betty, who grazed contentedly all day long; but if Nero found a mole and dug it out he was lucky, for that made the day shorter to him.

The sun was Nero's clock, and by it he knew just when Betty should go home. Then he went up to her and barked, to tell her he was ready. They could not get home too soon to please Nero, and sometimes I'm afraid he went faster than Betty liked. He always made her go in front, for he knew she was a most precious charge. You see there was a little baby at the tavern, and without Betty what would they do for her evening milk?

When Nero and Betty came in sight of the roomy old tavern, the little dog felt his duty was ended. Betty was safe, and could take her own leisurely pace to the big barn. Nero left her and fairly galloped round the house to the kitchen door. You would think he was half starved from the way he gnawed and crunched the bones Mrs. Dayton had ready for him. She did not keep him waiting a minute. She fed hungry men and boys, cats, dogs and chickens, every day of her life.

But Nero's last chore was to come. He knew that the stage was on its way over the hills, and that Mrs. Dayton was busily preparing a hot supper for the weary passengers. Nero understood it all. There was a delicious odor floating about the kitchen that fairly made his mouth water, and doubtless he envied the coming travelers.

While the stage was yet a mile away, there came floating over the hills some mellow notes of warning. Mrs. Dayton heard them, and knew what they meant; Nero heard, and he knew, too—though neither could see the old stage; even Betty turned her head and looked placidly through the barn window. Nero knew just how the great, lumbering ship on wheels would come swinging up to the door; the tired horses steaming, Fritz flourishing his long whip, and the passengers all a-bustle collecting their umbrellas and queer old band-boxes, covered with flowered wall-paper. Sometimes, too, there would be a strange dog in the stage coach, and if so, it was all Nero could do to greet him with cold politeness. Indeed, it was hard to overlook the airs of the travelled puppy without a half-smothered snarl.

And Fritz, as he blew the golden horn that wafted the winding notes so far, pictured the cozy kitchen, the long table and white cloth, and the fragrance of the steaming viands tickled his tired fancy. For now, ere the notes died away, good Mrs. Dayton bustled here and there, taking up the supper. Nero knew that nothing must interrupt her now, for it must be on the table when the stage set down its hungry load. Perhaps the horn aroused the baby-girl, sleeping in the cradle, beside the great chimney-place, and she alone could not guess its meaning. But if the faintest whimper came from that precious bundle of clothes, Nero trotted nimbly to the cradle, put a soft paw on the rocker and gently rocked it till the whimper died away and all was still. At all other hours the baby ruled the tavern, but Nero knew that she took second place beside the hungry travelers. And Mrs. Dayton knew that he knew it, and gave no thought to the baby after the horn awoke the echoes.—Elizabeth Nunemacher, in New York Observer.

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Intensity in Preaching.

Intensity is an element sadly wanting in our day. It needs no trick of oratory. The tears may not be in the eyes. Let them be in the heart. Speak with intensity of conviction of moral purpose from the very heart to the very heart of men.

"It should be said first that while many theories are to be discredited, criticism has made a large and solid contribution to religious thought. Second, the church ought to be thankful to those learned and pious men who at the cost of so much labor and time and even reputation have performed this great task. Third, for any teacher of religion to ignore and discredit it is to be remiss in duty. Fourth, he will give instruction to its bare details. Fifth, an occasional lecture on some misunderstood book, like Jonah, or the Song of Songs, will always command attention." Careful instruction is best given in classes where the Christian teacher may give the full and unreserved benefit of his knowledge. But, finally, it is to be said that the critical atmosphere is cold and often chills the gospel. In critical investigations of the 2d Isaiah, don't lose the tender piety of its fifty-third chapter.—Dr. Watson's Yale Lectures.

Your Atmosphere.

The only responsibility that a man can not evade in this life is the one he thinks of least—his personal influence. Man's conscious influence, when he is on dress parade, when he is posing to impress those around him, is woefully small. But his unconscious influence, the silent, subtle radiation of his personality, the effect of his words and acts, the trifles he never considers, is tremendous. Every moment of life he is changing to a degree the life of the whole world. Every man has an atmosphere which is affecting every other. So silently and unconsciously is this influence working that man may forget that it exists.—William George Jordan.

A well-known bishop was once just started on a railway journey from Chester Station, when the station-master came up to him and said, referring to his baggage, "How many articles are there my Lord?" "Thirty-nine," was the reply. "I can only find sixteen," answered the other. "Then," said the bishop, "you must be a Dissenter!"—Methodist Protestant.

"He Won't Die

Of consumption" is a remark often made of a fleshy man. The remark expresses the popular recognition of the fact that the sign of consumption is emaciation, loss of flesh. On the other hand, a gain in flesh is a sure sign that wasting diseases are being cured.

Emaciated people with obstinate coughs, bleeding lungs, night-sweats and weakness, have been perfectly cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The several steps of the cure were recorded in ounces and pounds of increasing weight. When there is gain in flesh the wasting disease is being surely cured.

Mr. Will H. Whitmire, of Arkton, Rockingham Co., Va., writes: "Our son contracted a deep cold about the first of July, 1899, and had a terrible cough. We called a doctor and he pronounced it irritation of the bronchial tubes, with asthmatic trouble, and he informed me that my son was liable to die at any time. He told me that if we could keep the bronchial tubes open, he *might* cure him; but after treating him several weeks and my son growing worse all the time, I concluded to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets.' I had seen several almost miraculous cures brought about by the use of these medicines, and of course I had wonderful faith in them. He used three bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' at home and one vial of the 'Pellets,' and was then well enough to go to West Virginia, taking a supply with him. I am just in receipt of a letter from him from which I quote: *'I am well and hardy and getting very fleshy.'*"

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A Christlike Errand.

The "Well-Spring" tells the following story of a real hero who wore the gray during the late war:

The day after the battle of Fredericksburg, Kershaw's brigade occupied Mary's Hill, and Sykes' division lay one hundred and fifty yards ahead, with a stone wall between the two forces. The intervening space between Sykes' men and the stone wall was strewn with dead, dying and wounded Union soldiers, victims of the battle of the day before. The air was rent with their groans and agonizing cries of "Water! water!"

"General," said a boy sergeant in gray, "I can't stand this."

"What is the matter, sergeant?" asked the general.

"I can't stand hearing those wounded Yankees crying for water; may I go and give them some?"

"Kirkland," said the general, "the moment you step over the wall you'll get a bullet through your head; the skirmishing has been murderous all day."

"If you'll let me, I'll try it."

"My boy, I ought not to let you run such a risk, but I cannot refuse. God protect you! You may go."

"Thank you, sir"; and with a smile on his bright, handsome face, the boy sergeant sprang away over the wall, down among the sufferers, pouring the blessed water down their parched throats. After the first few bullets his Christlike errand became understood, and shouts instead of bullets rent the air.

He came back at night to his bivouac, untouched.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Stanley's Conversion.

Sir Henry M. Stanley, who found the missionary explorer, Livingstone, once told this story of his conversion:

"In 1871 I went to Africa as prejudiced against religion as the worst infidel in London. To a reporter like myself, who had only to deal with wars, mass meetings and political gatherings, sentimental matters were quite out of my province. But there came to me a long time for reflection. I was out there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and I asked myself, Why does he stop here? What is it that inspires him?' For months after we met I found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man carrying out the words, 'Leave all and follow Me.' But little by little, seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it."

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Can You Tell?

Uncle Harry came into the nursery, where his four nieces and nephews were playing, and held up a big, round, rosy, red apple.

"Children," he said, "I'm going to give this apple to whichever one of you can answer a question that I shall ask about it. Stand in front of me in a row and listen.

So Fred and Josie and Dick and Totty came and stood in a row with their eyes fixed on the beautiful apple.

"What is in this apple?" asked Uncle Harry.

"A core," said Fred; "that's easy."

"Yes, my boy; but what is in the core?"

"Seeds," said Dick.

"Certainly; that's right. But those are, neither one of them, the test question. Here it is: There are several seeds in this apple. Now, which way are they pointing, upward or downward, in toward the core or out toward the skin? Who can answer?"

The children looked puzzled. They had seen the core of an apple hundreds of times, but they couldn't seem to remember the position of the seeds.

However, as there were four directions to guess, Fred proposed that each guess one, and then, as one of them must be right, whoever won the apple was to give a quarter of it to the other three. They agreed to this, and Fred guessed that the seeds pointed down. Then Josie guessed that they pointed up. Dick said he guessed that they all pointed inward toward the core; and, as there was only one guess left, of course Totty guessed that they pointed outward.

"You are right," said Uncle Harry, handing the apple to the one who guessed correctly; "and I am glad you are going to share it with the others. But I must say you are a stupid lot of children; for if you had known which way the seeds pointed, and had all told me correctly, I would have given you each an apple. As it is, I shall keep the other three myself."
—Carolyn Wells.

Keep your eyes open and be sure that when you ask for Perry Davis' Painkiller you get just that and nothing else. Use it promptly to cure cramps, diarrhoea and all other bowel complaints in summer.

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and children's comfort, especially, personally conducted tourist car parties are run Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays from California to Chicago, connecting with personally conducted tourists' cars through to Boston.

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Points for Preachers.

We would labor hard to be lucid and plain if we only knew how it is appreciated. When we hear the greatest preachers we are disappointed because it is all done so easily. There is a distinction between lucidity and simplicity. Lucidity is style; simplicity is thought. Many a sermon is simple enough in thought when it is absolutely unintelligible in expression. The truth of the matter is that a man is lucid just in proportion as he understands what he is talking about. He is profound in proportion as he does not understand it. The worst training for lucidity is overreading of poetry. The best is the study of mental philosophy. The people want their water filtered through the gravel, but they don't want the gravel in the glass.

There is a place for raillery and even bitter raillery, for denunciation and for unqualified denunciation, and he is a poor creature who cannot be angry. But anger is a risky business. Let the thunder storms be short. For most of us sarcasm is too dangerous. The people want love. They want to be comforted.—From Dr. Watson's Yale Lectures.

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